THE

Recruits for CALEDONIA

Of the RYSING-SUN,

THEIR

FAREWELL

TO

Old SCOTLAND.

GOD the first Mover of ev'ry thing that is,
Mov'd *Scottish* Hearts to this great Enterprize,
Of Setting forth, for a new *Colonie*:
On *Indians* shore, where great Rich Treasures be,
He also did conduct them to their port,
In *Dariens* Coasts; where to them did resort:
The *Natives* of that Land propyning them
With Gold, and precious things, of Nature Fine:
Entreating *Scots* Assistance, against Cruelties,
Used by *Spaniards*, in those South Countries
Our *Scots* they landed then, in *Dariens* Fields,
Now called *Caledonia*, for it yeilds,
Things most enriching of our Native Land:
All which will be at old *Scotlands* Command.
Reserv'd it seems by GODS good Providence
For *Scotlands* Honor, Glorie, and Advance,
They strongly fortifi'd themselves for fear
Of *Spanish* Foes; pretending int'rest there,
Assisted strongly, from the Isles about;
They fought it bravely, giving *Jacke* the Rout;
And took rich Booty, which to them comfort gave,
Because that *Jacke* intended them t' inslave.
Pull up your Hearts, brave *Scots* the days your own
We'll soon be at you with the *Rising Sun*.
Brave *Hope* also doth come along with Us,
And sev'ral Ships, all terrible to our Foes,
With fourteen hundred valiant fighting men,
Not one of them but's strong for battel keen,
Captains are Noble, Officers of good degree,
Resolv'd to see you, in our *Colonie*.
Also Recruits of Sea-men, not a few,
All which, at once will make a Gallant Crew.
We bring also, great store of Necessaries,
As Food, Raiment, and all Conveniencies.
At which is more, we bring the Gospel true
The Richest Jewel, GOD blest to Us and You,
Ane Presb'trie of *Min'sters* comes all at once,
CHRISTS Gospel in *New-Scotland* to advance;
The Famous *Sheils*, being their Moderator,
A Servant Faithful, to his Lord Creator.
One that's Courag'ous, Zealous for Reformation,
And hath adventur'd much, for Church and Nation.
May Heaven bless them all, making them Means,
To confirm Us, and convert *Indians*.
Adieu Old *Scotland*, both Ancient and Renown'd,
For we be straight for *Caledonia* bound:
Do not lament in parting with Us now,
So many Gallant men, such stately Crew;
We'll make you shortly, a new Song to sing,
Which shall your *Hearts* Rejoyce, and Glad our *King*:
When we from *Darien*, Gold and Riches send,
You'l bless the day we did this voy'ge intend.
Then Gold and Silv'r, shall as in *Sol'mons* weeks,
Be as stones plenty, in old *Scotlands* streets,
For none that lives should only be for self
To Monop'lize, and Treasure up his pelf:
But we'll now venture Lives and Fortunes still,
As for our Selves, yet more for the Common-weel;
But now we Lanch forth in the Ocean wide,
The LORD Almighty Pilot Us and Guide.
We fear not Enemies, nor *Neptunes* Seas,
For we acknowledge no such *Deities*.
Let's through the Ocean to our New-found-land,
For GOD being with Us, what can Us withstand;
When we come in, into *New Scotlands* bay,
New *Edinburgh* Castle, your welcome, Sirs, will say;
The great Guns roar, there's Joy on every side
The Golden Mountains Echo's, say they're Glade,
And *Indians* shouts, rebounds unto the Skies,
Because we're come, with many fresh Supplies;
Being free from *Spanish* Foes, on *Darien's* shore,
We'll praise and thank our God, and yet moreov'r
We'll mind old *Scotland*, and *Glasgow* City there,
And a *New-Glasgow*, straight we will uprear.
Then will we mind the end for which we c
To send Returns unto our Native-Land:
Of Silver Baras, Rich things, and Golden Dust,
Which we will purchase, all in *Dariens* coast.
The Fine *Pine Apple*, with many sorts of Spice,
The *Coco-nut*. To make your Hearts Rejoyce:
To say't in short we'll send things Profitable;
For Old *Scotland*, so far as we'll be able.
But to conclude, as we now change our Land,
GOD Change our Hearts, fe be at his Command,
That *Heathen* folk, may be Ingag'd to CHRIST,
By our Example, more than by *Spanish* Priest,
But ah! we fear, to this we may account,
Cælum non animum mutant qui trans Mare currunt
As GOD will have't so all must come to pass,
I'll add no more, *Finis coronat opus*.

By *a Volunteer in this Expedition*.
In the Kyles of BUTE *September*, 13. 1699.

FINIS.

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Scott
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RPJCB